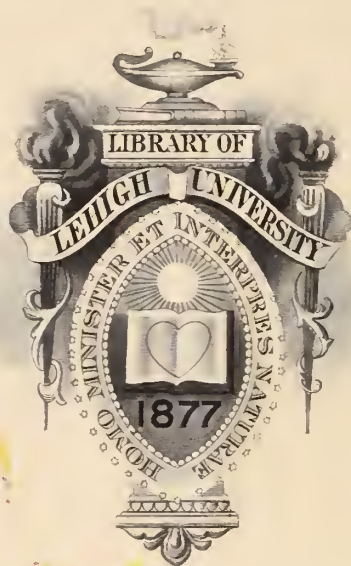


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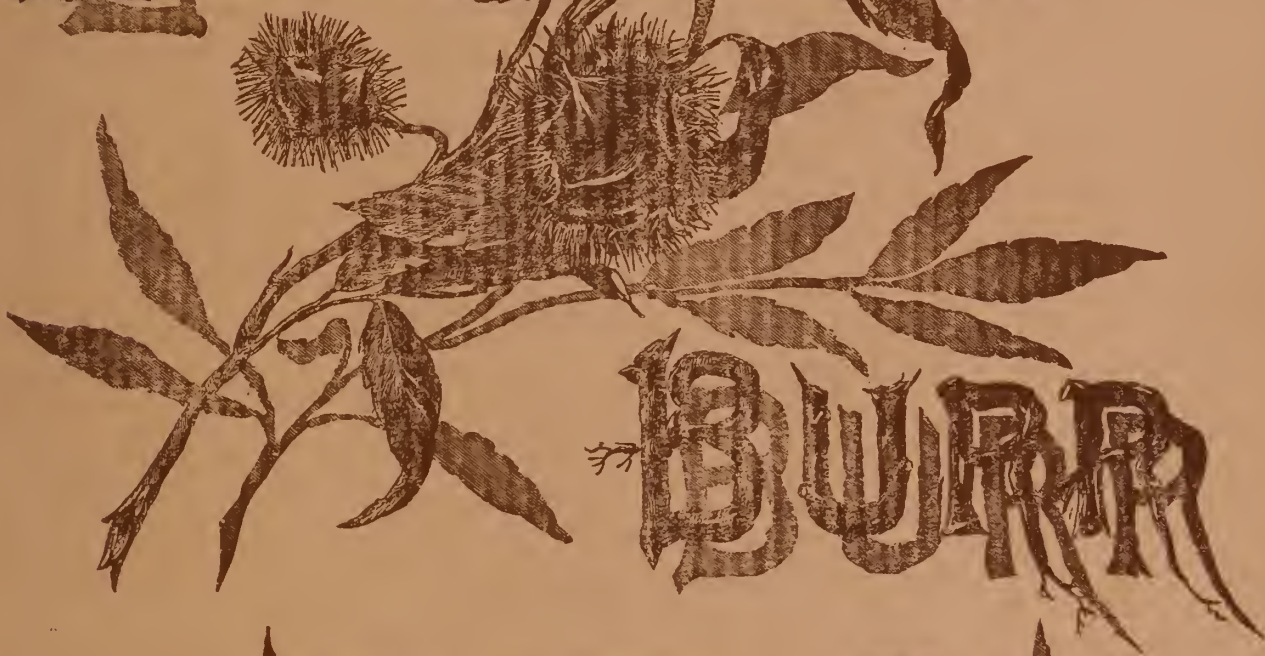




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THE JOURNAL OF



BURR



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SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,

WM. ULRICH, PRINCIPAL, Bethlehem, Pa.

REFERENCES:

R. A. LAMBERTON, LL.D., President of Lehigh University and any of the Professors belonging to the Faculty of Lehigh University.

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YOU have before you the opening number of a new volume of the BURR—that implies a new *régime* in the editorial workshop. The BURR has always been accorded by its readers a hearty sympathy and cordial support. There can be, therefore, no reason for the new Board's wasting time and space, by indulging in scornful repudiations of any *ex parte* principles, maudlin tears at the delinquency of subscribers, or falling into reveries over the unalloyed beneficence of their intentions. Having discharged our simple *vos salutamus*, we put a keen edge on the shears, "dump" the waste-paper basket, and await the issue.

There are three vacancies in the editorial staff—two in the senior, and one in the sophomore class. We are also at liberty to select one representative from the freshmen. Every student knows the editorial shibboleth—work, meritorious and incessant. When any duly qualified aspirant betrays a disposition to comply with these prime requisites, the vacancies will be filled. Let the freshmen especially make a superhuman effort to unearth, at the begin-

ning of their career, whatever talents in this direction may lie buried in the class. Remember that, in the future, upon you will devolve the responsibility of supporting the college reputation at home and abroad, and act accordingly.

THE sight of visitors about the Gymnasium has now become so common, that one would think ordinary pride sufficient to induce the students to make a more reputable appearance. Such, however, is not the case. The costumes that adorn the frequenter of the edifice in question are of the most varied and remarkable description. They consist apparently, for the most part, of cast-off articles of apparel, of a cut and character calculated generally to be hidden from view by other integuments. This is an old story, but none the less one which ought to be listened to. The cost of suits, surely, is not so tremendous as to alarm even the least lavish amongst the students; and there is no doubt that, if the athletes of the college should think it worth the trouble to send for suits, they would look more like athletes and less like frequenters of public baths.

MR. T. M. EYNON, '81; Mr. P. A. Lambert, '83; and Mr. E. K. Bachman, '83, have been installed as instructors in the departments of Mechanical Engineering, Mathematics, and Metallurgy, respectively. The intention of the Faculty to procure members of the Alumni, when ability in that body can be found, to fill positions in the corps of instructors, is commendable and should be carried out. Men, whose past affiliations are all with the college in which they assume the duties of such a position, naturally feel a more vivid personal interest in the progress and success of its undergraduates, than those who, owing an allegiance to another

alma mater, sit by the waters of Babylon and mourn for the courts of Zion.

Fifteen years have passed since the graduation of Class No. 1. Few of the Alumni seem to have amassed enough knowledge in that period to be able to serve it up hot and strong, from the professorial chair, to their younger successors on the benches. This will come in time, it is to be supposed.

THE idea of the student as a factor in politics, suggested by the campaign documents of the day, is a sufficiently startling and novel one to us, necessitating a little introspection before laying claim to a due share of the honor appertaining to said factor. The result is disastrous to the entertainment of any such idea at Lehigh. Gaze beyond the precincts and see the undergraduate of sister colleges rising betimes for the study of his Political Economy; rejoicing at noon-day in the subtlety of his dialectics, expended on the all-absorbing questions of the times; and, at night flouting the muslin transparency, bearing the mystic legend of the "bar'l" and "rooster," in the face of his opponent in the argument.

Can we contentedly stand "chewing the cud of a mathematical demonstration," or placidly digesting the recondite lore of by-gone ages, while such stirring scenes as these are enacting!

But this is not all. Corps of reporters are being detailed to observe the budding political tendencies, the predilections and the aversions, of the academician at other institutions. This college is the standard-bearer and upholder of this political belief, and that college is the repudiator and impugner of that political heresy. Truly "the gown" is endeavoring to throw its sheltering folds over the ballot-box.

To speak soberly, the Lehigh student's mental anatomy is incapable of such great exuberance. On such subjects he is phlegmatic—practical, you may term it—resting perfectly content in the belief, that statesmanship as a business venture is generally attended by bankruptcy. His views are essentially utili-

tarian, and his tastes for the imaginary and ideal are but little cultivated. Aside from the large proportion of bluster and noisy "slopping over" of party spirit, his indifference to questions of personal interest may possibly be attributed to the paltry amount of attention, which is bestowed in his curriculum to the study of "Political Economy."

IT was not without a certain deprecatory look, a desire to apologize, and to assure our interrogator that it was none of our doing, that we confessed this summer to the date on which our college opened. We felt as we would, were we forced to confess that a friend, of whom we wished to think well, believed in witchcraft, slavery, or any other such time-worn and barbarous fetish. And the pride we felt in our alma mater only made her adherence to this particular public school regulation all the more humiliating. It is certainly unpleasant to think that there are institutions, giving the same diploma, which obtain a sufficient amount of work from their students, and bring them to as high a standard, in a shorter space of time than that required by our University. If our required hours during the term were fewer in number we might look to that for an answer; but, that such is not the case, is too painfully well known to need demonstration here.

Comparisons are stupid arguments, but sometimes instructive. At the School of Mines of Columbia college, an institution perhaps the most closely similar to our own in methods, designs, and the results attained, the fall term opens in the second week of October; at the Sheffield School of Yale, on the twentieth of September. Harvard commences on the first of October. The earliest opening among the remaining colleges is that of Princeton, on the tenth of September; the remainder open on the fifteenth of the month.

Lehigh is not so old that she cannot learn new tricks, nor too obstinate to benefit by the experience of older institutions. When

a university requires more time from her students throughout the term, and allows them fewer absences than almost all, if not all of her sister institutions; and when she can conscientiously condition ninety per cent. of her pupils, she may allow them a week more holiday without even damaging her reputation for severity.

ON the exorbitant room-rent charged by the Bethlehemites, the article in the June BURR met with the hearty approval of a correspondent of the *Daily Times*, who, judging from his point of view, is evidently a working-man. He says in substance, that, as the workmen are unable to compete with students in the prices asked, the latter not only fleece themselves, but also increase the expenses of their poorer brethren.

The latest news on the subject is, that the Pennsylvania Teutons are endeavoring to form a league for the purpose of raising room-rent; and this, in view of the present state of affairs, is simply outrageous. We have already shown how the rent of two rooms is made to pay for the whole house, and have cited examples, to one of which we again call the attention of our readers. A house in Graham's Row rents for thirteen dollars per month; three rooms sub-let to boarders would more than cover this. Other like instances are common.

Now if these rooms had any advantage except proximity to the University, even if they were attended to properly, there might be some excuse for the prices; but any one that has lived in them can testify emphatically to the contrary. Rag carpet usually covers the floor, and whitewash or cheap paper of the most startling and hideous hues, the walls. The furniture would be below the dignity of any first-class Irish cook. Then the Dutch predilection for saur-kraut, fried onions, and the like, generally fills the house with odors of Eden indeed.

As we have already said, there is but one remedy for these evils—a first-class dormitory, which, built by the University, shall serve as a

standard for the prices of rooms, and as a haven of refuge for those students who object to the manners and customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

MISS REPRESENTATION.

I WAS growing quite impatient,
For it was getting late;
When a rustle of skirts, and a fairy form
Tripped lightly to the gate.
And in the pitchy darkness,
We both in whispers spake;
For my darling said, as she nestled close,
"The 'old man' is awake."
We talked delicious nonsense,
As only lovers can;
When a voice rang out in tones I knew,
"Where are you, Mary Ann?"
I trembled like an aspen,
As to the house she ran;
For my darling's name was *Maria Jane*—
Her maid's was *Mary Ann*. —Colonel.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

THOUGH many of us left last June with the expectation of seeing the new chapel well under way upon our return, in which we have been disappointed, yet the park bears evidence of solid improvements, which will do much to add to our comfort and to the reputation of the University.

The Laboratory is nearly finished, and parts of it are already in use. Thanks to the labels on all the doors, we are able to infer that the building will meet all our expectations, and will be what we have claimed—the first institution of its kind in the United States. It seems to have a place for everything and everybody, and we don't doubt that everything will be kept in its place. The elevator that we all talked about so much turns out to be for the hoisting of apparatus, and not of weary students; so another opportunity is afforded for the performance of General Putnam's famous act, there being at least plenty of stairs.

In Packer Hall the changes almost amount to a revolution, and we are glad to see that they are, without exception, beneficial. The

old chemical laboratory has been converted into a physical, demonstrating that the days, when the physical apparatus in the University consisted of an old tomato can, a watch-crystal, and a piece of string, are over. The old chemical lecture-room has become the property of Professor Coppée. That of Professor Harding has been greatly enlarged, and, we understand, is claimed to be the best in college. Prof. Frazier's room has been converted into a drawing-room for the upper class Mechanical Engineers, the Metallurgical department having been transferred to the new Laboratory.

The "sky-parlor," formerly occupied by Prof. Merriman, has been turned over to Mr. Wright, and the former gentleman has taken Prof. Coppée's old room. And here it occurs to us to inquire why seniors and juniors should be compelled to drag their stately legs up to the fourth floor, while freshmen and their tutors disport themselves below. It seems that the higher in classes a man gets, the more flights of stairs he is obliged to climb to get to recitations.

It must never again be said that the BURR is without a mission; for, behold, after gentle hints broadening into open prayers, we have at last been rewarded with a cloak-room. No more lugging of thick over-coats and wet "gossamers" all over the building for want of a place to put them! Although it may not seem so important to an outsider, we can assure you that it will be duly appreciated by the students.

The walls of the building no longer shine forth with caricatures of contemporary curiosities, and we hope they will continue in their present state. It is noticeable, too, that the students' reception room opposite the bulletin-board, is painted a spotless white; and the dire threats of the keeper against any defacer should by all means be carried out. Another thing almost unprecedented in our college annals is the fact that the window-panes, by a plentiful application of soap, water, and probably a hatchet, have been purged of most of

the opaque matter which had collected upon them, and are again transparent.

Of the new boiler-house, which is to be completed by the time cold weather sets in, we shall postpone criticism. It is sufficient to say that it looks very promising.

We congratulate the authorities upon the improvements made, hoping to be able to do likewise on our return from succeeding vacations.

THE LITTLE BOY LIED.

SHORTLY after college opened I was sitting at the door of Packer in one of the janitor's easy chairs. While I was considering whether it would be consistent with my dignity as a Junior to shout "keep off the grass" at a perspiring Freshman, who was trying to get up a recitation, and destroying a square foot of terrace every time he put his foot down, I overheard a conversation between Rodney Curry, '86, who was seated on the lower step with his back to me, and a brother Freshman, who had asked him with refreshing originality how he had spent the summer.

"I loafed around principally," said Curry, "I went fishing and shooting some. I had two conditions, but I didn't open a book, not once. All work and no play makes Jack &c. No, when I have a holiday I generally take it." As his companion passed up the steps, Professor Hobbes stopped to greet Curry, and asked him if he had worked over his condition. "Worked?" inquired Rodney, standing up, "Well, professor, I did just as you advised, I followed your scheme to the letter; two hours before breakfast, one before dinner, and two more either in the afternoon or evening. O, yes, I worked. Hadn't a chance to get away all summer." Professor Hobbes bowed his appreciation and went by.

"What's that I heard you telling old Hobbes," said our sporting Senior, "I thought you were going to Saratoga?"

"I was there for a while," said Curry, "I went down with a man from our place, who had a horse in the principal races. He gave

me 'tips' on the winners. I made about ninety dollars outside of my hotel bills, and I've about fifty of it left to start a chemistry course at Rennig's."

As he finished speaking, a melancholy soul, with a hopeless look in his bright blue eyes, buttonholed him, and said softly, "Rod, old boy, you went away last term without paying that dollar and a half class due—I thought I'd strike you while you were flush."

Rodney stuck his hands in his pockets and gazed darkly at his class treasurer. "I am awfully sorry, old fellow," he said, "I wish you had spoken about it yesterday. I've been fixing up my room somewhat, and it's left me high and dry." "However," he added cheerfully, "I'm expecting a check in the evening mail from the gov'nor. I'll settle to-morrow."

"Yes, that's what they say," sighed the treasurer, as he started in pursuit of another victim.

"How are you, Curry?" inquired the football fiend at that moment, grasping Rodney's hand, as if it was the throat of an unmanageable halfback. "You'r looking prime, a little too heavy, perhaps—but you can work that off in the gym. If you don't get yourself down to a hundred and sixty I won't put you on the team. What have you been doing? Haven't trained a bit, I'll bet."

"Trained," said Curry, "well, if practicing every morning with a sixteen pound shot, boxing with the coachman, playing 'first' on the home baseball team, and running a mile before supper isn't training, I don't want to commence."

"That's not bad. How are you, Professor," said the fiend as he bowed to Professor Kurtz, and strode off.

"Ah, Mr. Curry," said the professor, "why didn't you come for your re-examination on Tuesday?"

"Well the fact is, sir, I'm not prepared. I intended boning up your subject during August, but when August came I was taken sick from

an attack of sunstroke, and the doctor forbade my opening a book. I'll be ready about the last of the month, sir, if that will do."

"Under the circumstances you had better petition the Faculty. I will see that you have plenty of time." As Professor Kurtz left, our swell Senior came up to Curry and gave him a couple of fingers. "Glad to see you, my brave boy, I looked for you at the Branch, but you didn't turn up."

"No," drawled Rodney, "Long Branch isn't form any more. The people that go there are generally tacky. I went up to Bar Harbor awhile, and ran down to Newport during the tennis tournament. I stayed with the Van Dykes, they've got a cottage there, you know."

As the pair wandered off I turned to Curry's room-mate who was passing, and said, "Do you know where Curry spent his summer?" "Yes," he replied, "his family were so angry about his conditions that they wouldn't send him any money to get home with, so he spent the summer here. Did odd jobs in the mill, I think, and boarded at the "Pacific." Hard luck, wasn't it?"

I believe he told the truth, but I've my doubts about Rodney.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

A WAKE, twin Bethlehems, awake,
From two months slumber rise,
Now gapes the Hill, now yawns the Mill,
The boroughs rub their eyes.

The "Eagle" porch is crowded o'er,
Fresh items flood the *Times*,
The Dutch clean house as trap for mouse,
And up the room rent climbs.

"Old Fogy" dips his pen in ink,
Policemen darkly frown,
Bells ring at eight, Dan breaks the slate,
The students are in town.

EIGHTY-FOUR'S COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

OF a most pleasing description were the festivities and celebrations which marked the end of the college career of the Class of '84. The town was probably never more full

of strangers, many of whom we rejoice to say were of the fair sex, young, and of course, beautiful.

The week began with the baccalaureate sermon, which was preached by the Rev. Dr. Snively, of Brooklyn.

On Tuesday the exercises incident to Banner Day were held on the campus. This feature of the week, which should have been the greatest, fell rather short of the expectations of some who naturally looked for a great improvement upon the first attempt, made the year before by the Class of '83.

The Junior reception, given on the same night in the Gymnasium by the Class of '85, was highly creditable to the class. A delegation from the Germania orchestra, of Philadelphia, furnished the music, and adhered somewhat more closely to the programme than is Mr. Hassler's wont.

Wednesday was given up to the Alumni, who held their meeting in the morning and, by way of a reward for their matutinal labors, indulged in their annual dinner in the afternoon. After the wants of the inner man were supplied, they repaired to the Opera House, where they were regaled mentally by the annual address before the Alumni, delivered on this occasion by Prof. A. J. Du Bois of Yale. The President's reception followed the address, and Cremation the reception.

The Class of '86, exulting in their victory over the dire tyrant Calculus, assembled at the dormitories about ten o'clock, and marched to the most lugubrious music to the space in front of the Moravian Seminary, where the funeral rites were performed. The service held was a "respectful adaptation" of the Roman burial rites. The costumes of the principal participants in the celebration were thoroughly Roman. The speeches in Greek, Latin, and English, were decidedly clever, the Greek jokes eliciting a large amount of laughter and applause. A reception of a somewhat Bacchic nature was given the sopho-

mores, immediately after the ceremony, by the freshmen.

Commencement Day was the same as usual, with the exception of the heat, which if possible was a trifle more intense than on previous years, and the valedictory oration. This terrible, hackneyed necessity was treated in a wonderfully clever manner by the valedictorian, Mr. A. P. Smith.

The duty of the historian of this phase in the life of '84 came to an end with the valedictorian's bow. The usual interchange of adieus and photographs went on for two or three days, but '84, to us who are left behind, is a thing of the past. Their Commencement Week was eminently a success, but it remains for the coming classes to improve upon features now crude, but capable of great things.

THE NOMAD.

A STUDENT without money, without friends, without brains—"All familiar pictures, very affecting, but common," I hear you say. But a student without a home—a man who reads advertisements of strawberry festivals in lieu of breakfast, dinner, and supper, or bargains for a quarter-pie at a railway station lunch counter; who beguiles Morpheus into a store box, and sits down on the next empty beer keg to study—that man is unique, incomprehensible. The gentle, dissipated dude, and the decayed crank sink into insignificance beside him.

I knew one such—a gaunt, desolate, wistful looking chap, with a retiring and gentlemanly demeanor, withal, like a church member running away with bank funds. Here he sits on a curb-stone, a Calculus before him, mechanically throwing off sheet after sheet of finished problems into the gutter.

"Having your room frescoed, my friend? Or perhaps a little lunch for a few friends. Your innate delicacy of feeling forbids your being present while it is preparing, eh?" said I.

"No! oh, no!" said he sadly, "is it possible you have never heard of me. I am Tuppy, the

Itinerant Student. Mine is a melancholy story. I tried to get a room on coming here, secured one for the term, had my trunks sent around, was just crossing my racquet and tooth brush tastefully on the wall, by way of artistic adornment, when three freshmen blustered in. Said they had had the room bespoken for the last five years—were sorry, but if I could sleep on the roof, would lend me a yard of mosquito netting. That was the beginning of my misfortunes. After two or three similar experiences, the boarding house keepers got to regard me as a sort of circulating medium, and passed me on from one to another, according to a regular schedule. My trunk, arrived three places back every time, and so I gave up having it with me. To keep up the pleasing delusion that I am just about to settle permanently, I have made an arrangement with a freight wagon to haul it around town, dropping it and taking it up at regular intervals. The other day I was standing on a street corner. I saw that trunk go by on the freight wagon at a rate of seven miles an hour, and, I tell you, I felt a glow of satisfaction suffuse my whole countenance. I forgot that it was going to a regular station at a restaurant, and shouted "coffee and rolls, in my room at ten," at the top of my voice to an imaginary landlady.

"When I have no studying to do, I reconnoitre the streets and alleys, looking that trunk up; and although I never find it, it never fails to brighten me up. I also go around to the boarding houses, engage rooms for periods varying from two to six hours, pay for them, and leave without thinking of entering the room. I find that I enjoy the *thought* of having a room engaged more than the actual possession."

"Poor fellow! Bohemian sort of existence, isn't it?" Just then a trunk came around the corner. The nomad started up, the most intense enthusiasm depicted on every lineament.

"Tell the landlady to send ice water and flannel cakes to my room immediately." And he made a spasmodic start toward this reposi-

tory of his whole terrestrial assets, but it floated past like a leaf before the tide.

"It's no use," he said, sinking back gloomily, "by the time I get there I'll be due three places ahead. I have a regular army of callers following on my trail, with visiting card in hand, but they're not brisk enough—they arrive about six places behind time."

"Did you never try landing your trunk at one of your rooms?"

"Yes," but I'll never attempt it again. The whole household fell into mortal spasms of astonishment, and the landlady had it dumped out into the middle of the vacant lot opposite, disinfectants placed all around the house, the Union Jack swung aloft on the chimney, a few healthy children yelling 'Fire!' out of the windows, with six gallows lining the curb-stone. I went over into the lot, sat down on the trunk, and gazed, lost in admiration at the striking effect. I then moved on, but have been afraid to commence any offensive operations since that outbreak."

"But! my dear fellow, you must brace yourself, make a determined effort, and rent a room for the rest of your natural life, and then you can pass it on to your heirs and assigns forever."

He meditated deeply for five minutes, and then hissed between his teeth, "I'll do it, I'll —"

Just then the trunk floated peacefully by at the end of the street, at sight of which all thoughts of permanent location completely vanished. Viciously biting at a piece of hard-tack, he started up, made an abortive attempt to issue order No. 113, for landlady No. 66, and then sank back exhausted, and resumed his studies as if oblivious of ever having seen me.

I watched him sorrowfully for some time, saw him saunter up to a boarding house, say to the landlady, "Friday—large double-room—no wall-paper—flower-pattern carpet—three hours—fifty cents,—paid"—make a memorandum of engagement, and walk off never to return.

I thought to myself as he vanished, "you may talk if you please of Payne, in his great and unrivalled act of 'Home, Sweet Home;' but in the dim future, *this* man is destined to surpass him in his pathetic and soul-mangling lyric, 'Room, Sweet Room.'"

TOM AND I.

WE like the same people, we read the same books,
And we smoke the same brand of cigars,
We both adore Terry, we sit under Brooks,
And there's nothing our constancy mars.

The same smiling landscapes appeal to our taste,
We're both rather fond of the sea,
And in matters of etiquette, ethics or art,
We are commonly found to agree.

But I often have thought as we sat on the beach,
Far away from the city's gay whirl,
That the swift passing present would be much more
pleasant,
If Thomas were only a girl.

TENNIS.

THE University Lawn Tennis Club met on Monday, Sept. 15th, and elected the following officers for the year: *President*, Mr. G. W. Snyder, '85. *Secretary*, Mr. K. Bryan, '87. *Treasurer*, Mr. H. Toulmin, '86. *Executive Committee*, President ex-officio, Messrs. J. S. Robeson, '86, and G. R. Booth, '86. The date of the tournament was fixed for Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19th and 20th, and new members were elected. The cup offered by C. H. Wenhold, Jeweller, of Bethlehem, as the prize for singles, was accepted. The BURR offered a mug as second prize for singles, and the Association, both first and second prizes in the doubles.

The University Club is but two years old, but in that short time has shown more activity than any other organization of the kind in the college. The last tournament, a year ago, was eminently a success, and did much to awaken an interest in the game. Within the last year the club has been admitted to the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Association, and will send representatives to the tournament, to be

held at Hartford, on the 6th of October next. Unfortunately, owing to the somewhat isolated situation of Lehigh, its players do not have the opportunities for practice afforded at larger and more metropolitan colleges. Its representatives at the Inter-Collegiate Tournament will probably suffer somewhat from this fact, and the college at large should not fail to bear it in mind at the time.

The account of our own tournament unfortunately has to be deferred until the next issue of the BURR.

A PONIER'S PENANCE.

WHEN a man "strikes ten," you will say he ought to be happy—in fine, at peace with the whole faculty, the chaplain and janitor included. Not so! there was a freshman—his name was John, or Tom, or Bill, I think, or it might have been Xerxes for all I know—who "struck ten" and was decidedly unhappy by reason thereof.

Now if I were to say that our friend "struck" ten zeros, you would probably curse me for a punster, and kick me kindly, or do something else unpleasant.

Avant! ten good solid units, I mean, and yet Bill alias Xerxes was uncomfortable; and as he left the recitation room, soliloquized something after this fashion. "Yes, I admit it, I ponied. Now to be sure, when I pulled that paper out, I made a mistake—I was confident it was a letter from that girl of mine—and never discovered my mistake until I came to the 'Yours affectionately, $x+y$, for Chauvenet.' I struck ten. I am exculpated. Hurrah!"

But he couldn't conceal it. He felt badly. He was young in vice. He went home and thought about it. It was a "deucedly" unpleasant reflection. He couldn't sleep; lay awake and thought about ways and means of rectifying this mistake—finally concluded to have the whole pony engrossed, and sent to the President as a valentine on the 14th of February. No, that wouldn't do! Well, he would write out a full confession, in Greek, in some

girl's autograph album. Well! that might do. But, no, even that wouldn't appease the demon of remorse.

In the morning he arose unrefreshed, breakfasted sparingly on two pounds of cold ham, three boxes of ginger-snaps, and a couple of schooners of coffee. He then packed his valise and started for a quiet week in the country, intending to meditate there until he had satisfied his conscience. While roaming in the pastoral wilds a brilliant scheme took his fancy. Would sell the pony, to a prep probably, and with the proceeds would found a mission in Labrador, or "set up the cream" to the Greely survivors, or start a dime museum back of the gymnasium. All these schemes fell through like the rest, so he gave up and came back. You will all be glad to hear that he is now using the pony again with commendable regularity.

"THE BURR" AS A POLITICAL ORGAN.

WHEN it was discovered after much delicate sounding on the part of the managing editor, that all of the present board intended voting the Republican ticket—when they were of age—it was determined to turn this paper into a campaign document and to send Blaine in with a whoop. "We might," said the business editor, whose wirepulling proclivities have already gained him the subriquet of 'Senator,' "get a two thousand dollar subsidy from the Bethlehem Iron Company and distribute the BURR among the mill hands. An article headed 'The beauties of protection as shown by the twenty per cent. reduction,' would make an impression, I think."

"I don't know much about protection," said the agricultural editor, "but I've heard Blaine's interested in guano, and that would help the agricultural population immensely. As to the tariff, all I know about that is, that it comes from England, and you cut stamps off it." "You're getting the tariff, which is sometimes high and sometimes low, mixed with stocks," explained the business editor, "the tariff is not

as much of a question with me as whether the Mulligan letters are all right."

"That's the only one of the series I have not seen," interrupted the dramatic critic, "I've seen the Mulligan Guard Ball and the Mulligan Guard Picnic, and Dan's Tribulations. The papers are so full of this new piece, the one you just spoke of, that I think I'll run on to New York and take it in." "It's the personal appearance of the candidates that troubles me," mused the society editor. "When I came back to college and saw that banner in front of Jacoby's, I thought it was an advertisement for some hair oil, and the candidates represented before and after using." "Logan does look like a patent medicine doctor, there's no doubt about it," said the local editor, "but they do say that the Democratic banner on New street has caused more runaways—and that caricature of Cleveland has thrown three freight trains off the rails already."

"Well, now suppose we did boom Blaine, what would he do for us? We're too young to be postmasters, and we're too old to care for appointments to Annapolis; besides there isn't any navy now, since it has been run down by that schooner."

"We might lose all our Democratic subscribers, too," suggested the local editor, "but that wouldn't matter much, as they never pay up; that's a platform upon which all parties meet."

"Gentlemen," remarked the editor-in-chief, "I have listened with interest to your remarks on the present political situation, and I have been much edified, but I would suggest that to outsiders they would seem too socialistic to be trusted. Not but that they are original and excellent, but all things considered, I think it would be better if we stuck to our original purpose, and displayed our accuracy of thought and purity of style in recording football matches, and in cries to the Faculty for an instructor in roller-skating, and a regular temperature of seventy degrees." And so it is that the *Nation* stands without a rival, and Blaine's election is still undecided.

BETHLEHEM, *3rd of September.*

DEAR JAMES:—I indite this epistle,
 Although all but melted away,
 Through my efforts to study Dynamics,
 In a state of extreme *négligé*.
 The mercury climbs to the nineties,
 The week has been barren of rain,
 The sea-shore and mountains are crowded—
 We're back here at "Lehigh" again.
 Fair Harvard canoes at Bar Harbor,
 The White and Blue bathe at the Pier,
 Yale camps in the cool Adirondacks,
 The students of "Lehigh" are here.
 They say 'Absence makes the hearts fonder,'
 Our Faculty must have us back;
 They're sad when they're free from their duties,
 And there's where we differ.

Yours, JACK.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—If the University is to have a foot-ball team, and from our experience with the class teams last fall it certainly should have, the time for its formation is at hand. Would it not be well for the managers of the Athletic Association to appoint a foot-ball committee, who should have the power to select the Association or University team, presumably from the class teams, and to arrange matches and times for practice for this team? This, I believe, is the usual course adopted in colleges. There is no doubt that if we had such a team, matches could be arranged with the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Lafayette, at least; and perhaps, with other college or class teams. In this way, even if we are beaten at first, we gain in experience.

And surely, as we cannot expect to learn the tricks of the U. of Pa. team by playing Columbia, we must play against expert men before we can learn the game in all its forms. When we have secured this experience our chances of having a good foot-ball team are certainly very bright, for the men who come here are fully as well-built and active, if not more so, than in other colleges of the same size. R.

MESSRS. EDS. LEHIGH BURR:—Bethlehem is not a popular watering place nor is it much run after as a summer resort. The ocean does not break within a few rods of its hotels' porches, nor is it situated so high above sea level, that the clouds surround its church steeples; and the odor of the mountain pine is not wafted through its streets. On the contrary it is down in a valley, surrounded by hills sufficiently high to shut out the breezes that would otherwise cool the sun's rays, and the heat from the iron mills. It is about as hot a place as white man wants to gasp in. Moreover, owing to the heat and local causes, there was during August a temporary unpleasantness in the atmosphere that carried off some seventy-two souls. Bethlehem has done better than this in the way of epidemics, but this one is especially interesting in the fact, that the college was opened on the third of September, when the weather was at its hottest, and the epidemic was but waning. Whatever rest of mind and gain in strength the students attained during the summer, the first week of college was quite able to counteract.

We had not even the satisfaction left us of knowing that the students at other colleges were our companions in misery. But we did see a gleam of consolation in the fact, that instead of the University's getting any more work out of us by curtailing our holiday, it lost on the contrary a week's efforts when the heat made it impossible to study, besides destroying that briskness and heartiness for our future duties that otherwise would have helped us for an indefinite period. If Lehigh must have more time than other colleges, let her shorten the Christmas holidays, and give us the extra time in September when the heat makes study most difficult. S.

[Though we believe our correspondent expresses the sentiment of the college concerning this extremely early opening, we do not agree with him in his suggestion of a remedy. We do not believe in robbing Peter to pay Paul,

nor in throwing a sop to the students by dividing the Christmas holidays. What is needed is not a new distribution of holidays, but more of them. September here is the hottest month, and, if we may make use of another proverb, if the Faculty would not be penny wise and pound foolish, but would get honest and satisfactory work from the students, it will open the college in the latter part of the month, and fix the date of opening on the day of the month, and not on the day of the week, as this leads to a difference of from one week to a day in the holiday season.—EDS. LEHIGH BURR.]

KERNELS.

—The holiday was a "cold day" for everybody.

—Are we going to have "hare and hounds" this fall?

—The freshmen are entitled to one artist on the Epitome Board.

—"Beauty is only skin deep," said the senior as he gazed at the Halls.

—Seven applicants for admission in June out of a hundred and twenty-five were admitted without conditions.

—The wagonette line would be patronized very extensively by the students if run over the New Street bridge.

—It is only a fair division of labor if the University paints the Halls red outside, as the students paint 'em red inside.

—Freshman (who has been asked to subscribe for the BURR). "Why, I am a student. I don't have to pay for it."

—*On dit* that one of our professors is going to vote for Butler. At a rough guess, that will give Ben a total of 31 votes.

—The professors and instructors are again at their fiendish amusement of "poking fun" at the "Classical Division of the Senior Class" in their announcements.

—Once more the freshman springs the same old gags on the Faculty, and thinks they are new. Why! the Faculty used them themselves when they were at college.

—The course of lectures on "The Triangle and T-square, their uses and abuses; also their place in Literature," has been opened. Doubtless many freshmen have been edified.

—The college team, C. Belmont Davis and M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Jr., defeated representatives from the town tennis club by a score of 6-0, 6-0, 6-0. There will be no return match,

—Ye fresh, who think the Halls are new,
Your judgment sadly errs.
They're not the same inside as out,
They're painted sepulchres.

—Those gentlemen, principally of the class of '87, who do not receive a copy of the BURR this term will attribute it to the fact, that they overlooked the payment of the small sum of one dollar when last called upon.

—We didn't meet the Harvard man this summer who asks "Ya-as, where is Lehigh?" High requirements and good work will in time bring a college to the world's notice, but a tug of war team does the job much more quickly.

—"Barry Searle, A. C., L. U.," came in fourth at the recent bicycle races. We could hardly expect a man to do much, handicapped with titles like the above, unless he trains more energetically than "Barry Searle, A. C., L. U.," used to.

—The sophomore class has elected the following officers: *President*, G. T. Richards; *Vice President*, W. A. McFarland; *Secretary*, E. E. Snyder; *Treasurer*, H. S. Meily; *Historian*, H. S. Fisher; *Member of Athletic Committee*, J. W. Ladoo.

—The absence of the best papers from our leading cities at the library is very noticeable. The *Philadelphia Press* and *Times*, *Chicago Inter-Ocean* and *Tribune*, and *Boston Herald* and *Advertiser* should certainly be served up by the library officials.

—Why is it that only members of the royal family and editors are allowed to use the first person plural? Because it's hereditary. This one is copyrighted. Why has the Cunard line of Steamers never lost a ship? Because their sailing is reckless! No bouquets, we beg.

—The only advantage we see in the early opening of the college is, in the fact that the foot-ball teams will have three weeks more practice than their rivals at other colleges. That's not much in the way of consolation, but it is the best that can be got of a bad business.

—If there are any stray Campaninis or Capouls in the present freshman class, we would like to hear from them, or the Glee Club would at least. For the benefit of rustic readers we will inform them that Campanini and Capoul are tenors and can strike a high C.

—Upon returning we were sorry to learn that Mr. Aug. H. Leibert had resigned his position in the library. He had won his way into favor by his untiring politeness and zeal in attending to the wants of all who made use of the library.

—It was evident that the classes of '88 and '87 had never seen a rush or they would not have dignified their detached scrimmages on the campus with any such title. The sophomores had intended to provoke no cane rush, and the freshmen should have acted upon the same plan. The bringing of the bone of contention to the chapel was unfortunate, against the advice of the juniors and the general sentiment of the college; as it was, however, the result was not serious, though it might have been,

—The reports of the Commencement Week exercises in our E. C., the *Daily Times*, were full, correct and satisfactory, and are now decorating the scrap-books of numerous students. This college scrap-book, by the way, is a thing every freshman should have. In time it becomes invaluable.

—The senior class officers for the ensuing year are: *President*, I. A. Heikes; *Vice President*, F. B. Petersen; *Secretary*, H. W. Rowley; *Treasurer*, D. K. Nicholson; *Historian*, C. M. Tolman; *Athletic Committee Representative*, C. Whitehead; *Epitome Editors*, H. L. Bowman and W. H. Cooke; *Artist*, H. W. Rowley.

—How natural and homelike it looks to see the students in their flannel shirts—just as they are on the farm. This garment used to be the badge of the freshmen, but now that so many of the upper classmen have forgotten the social requirements, it had better be made general, and have the college turned into a School of Agriculture.

—We don't like to talk about it, but the *édition de luxe* of Shakspeare's complete works, we had intended giving as a prize for the winner of the second place in the tennis singles, was refused by the executive committee, and at their suggestion we showed our political leaning towards St. John, by presenting a beer pitcher to accompany the association's mugs.

—The junior class, at a recent meeting, elected the following class officers: *President*, Geo. M. Richardson; *Vice President*, Wm. H. Dean; *Treasurer*, C. E. Clapp; *Secretary*, J. H. Surls. The class representative on the college athletic committee is C. E. Clapp. Messrs. Howe and Cobb were elected to grind their classmates on the board of the Epitome.

—The personal exertions of the President in getting us a holiday during the late heated term, were not lost upon the college students. These touches of nature, that show us we are not always looked upon as intellectual machines capable of indefinite cramming or at least worthy of being experimented on, come like paid subscriptions to the BURR, causing as much surprise as joy.

—In the Newport lawn tennis tournament for the championship of America, the first and second places were taken by sophomores from Harvard and Yale respectively. As these same gentlemen will contest in the I. L. T. tournament next October, our representatives will have to exert themselves if they hope to make a showing, as only the first three places in the singles and the first two in the doubles will be played for.

—And now the freshman who has played the "shoulder" game of foot-ball—whatever that is—at the district school, takes off his coat and confides to the foot-ball fiend, that he would like to practice. And after he has been told to "line up and block that half back, and not to touch the ball on the off side," and after the aforesaid half back has caught him by the throat, butted his ribs in, and the team have formed a monument to his memory on top of him, he borrows a suit of clothes to crawl home in, and gives up the idea of showing the fellows "how they play the game down in Burrsville."

—The four post-graduates held a caucus, where every one of the four opened his bar'l and ran for position. Notwithstanding the disqualification of the whole crowd by the development of the startling fact that none of them were naturalized, each grabbed two or three offices and ran. The following ticket was elected: *President*, A. S. Reeves; *Secretary and Treasurer*, Wm. B. Foote; *Epitome Editor*, H. B. Douglass.

—Of course, gentlemen of the freshmen class, it is well to purchase drawing-boards, books, and right line pens, to make out rosters, and get off your conditions, but you should not meanwhile neglect the other objects of your coming to college. Do not forget that the sophomores are waiting to wipe the ground up with you in the class foot-ball match, that the tennis examination is at hand, and that the subscription price of this paper is one dollar.

—It has been proposed to adorn the sanctum with athletic and other trophies—in short to make this room a monument and memorial of "the great" who have gone before. To further this design, you are requested to send in all prizes, schooners, bits of cane-rush costumes, prize pictures of favorite athletes, etc., in fact anything antique and venerable which may bear upon the college institutions, and which you are willing to see handed down to posterity.

—We shudder to think what the end of a college will be when it flunks an applicant bearing the lawn tennis championship of St. Paul's School. Flunked for some such thing as geometry or algebra or the like. No doubt the professors, who were guilty of the mistake, did not know of the gentleman's proficiency, but that's just like a professor. We have any number of students here already which we would willingly trade for a few good athletes. As the jovial Charles said, "I can make any number of earls but I have only one Reynolds."

COLLEGE NOTES.

Of the thirty-nine professorships at the University of Edinburgh, eighteen pay \$5,000 or more a year. The Professor of Anatomy receives \$16,000, while the heads of the Greek, Latin, and Mathematical departments receive \$7,500 each. — There are twenty American girls at the University at Zurich. — At Dartmouth two new buildings are under way, a library and chapel. — A National Students Congress will be held at Eisenach, on the 17th and 18th of October. Berlin, Leipsic, Tübingen, Heidelberg and Jena are the leading Universities interested in the movement. — President Potter has resigned the presidency of Union and accepted the same position at Hobart. — Williams, Yale, Harvard and Amherst are for free trade. Columbia and Princeton are on the fence. University of Pennsylvania is for Blaine and Logan, and protection. — The average measurement of unexpanded chest at Yale is 34 inches, and at Princeton 36 inches. — Dickinson College at Carlisle has opened its doors to the fair sex. Several women have already availed themselves of this privilege. — President Robinson of Brown deprecates the prominence of athletics in college life. — President Seelye, of Amherst, has declined the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts on the Prohibition ticket.

THE LEHIGH BURR.—SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. 4.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

No. 1.

WE are glad to note the steadily increasing size of the successive freshman classes, while the stringency of the entrance examinations proportionately increases. Of the classes now in college, '85 entered with about sixty-six men, '86 with about eighty-five, '87 with about one hundred and five, and the present freshman class numbers one hundred and thirty-two. There is no indication of a factitious vitality in these figures.

NEW STUDENTS.

FOLLOWING is a list of the members of the freshman class, together with the new students in other classes.

FRESHMEN.

Addison, Chas L.,	Tech.
Ashmead, P. H.,	"
Banks, C. L.,	Sci.
Bannan, J. R.,	Tech.
Bates, E. A.,	"
Bates, F. S.,	"
Beatty, W. D.,	"
Bonzano, H. A.,	"
Bravo, Leonardo,	"
Brown, W. A.,	"
Bruegel, A. T.,	"
Bush, G. B.,	"
Butler, C. N.,	"
Byers, M. L.,	"
Carl, L. C.,	"
Chambers, A. R.,	"
Chapman, L. F.,	"
Chester, H. W.,	"
Chubbuck, S.,	Clas.
Clark, J. J.,	Tech.
Coleman, C. P.,	"
Connard, G. P.,	"
Cornelius, J. C.,	"
Crawford, A.,	"
Crawford, J. R.,	"
Daniels, R.,	"
Davis, G. H.,	"

Davis, W. S.,	Tech.
Deweese, L. L.,	Sci.
DeWitt, P. H.,	Tech.
Domenech, M. V.,	"
Dravo, G. P.,	"
Dugan, Cornelius,	"
DuVivier, E. H.,	"
Flack, C. L.,	"
Focht, C. W.,	"
Forster, J. D.,	"
Franklin, G. S.,	"
Frescoln, S. W.,	"
Gallagher, D.,	"
Gaston, L. P.,	"
Gates, Wm.,	"
Gieske, G. E.,	"
Glover, J. B.,	"
Grammer, F. L.,	"
Grant, J. A.,	"
Hart, G. A.,	"
Hartman, H. T.,	"
Hart, J. H.,	"
Heberling, R. A.,	L. S.
Hoffman, W. N.,	Tech.
Honeyman, R.,	"
Hurtado, E.,	"
Jencks, S. H.,	"
Johnson, C. R.,	"
King, Chas.,	"
King, T.,	"
Leuckel, A. K.,	L. S.
Lewis, A. E.,	Tech.
Mack, W. L.,	"
Marshall, C. D.,	"
Massenburg, R.,	"
McClintick, H. H.,	"
McIlvaine, H. L.,	"
McLean, W. B.,	"
Methfessel, C. A.,	"
Miller, C. H.,	"
Miller, G. P.,	"
Millholland, J. H.,	"

THE LEHIGH BURR.

Miner, H. S.,	Sci.
Mohr, A.,	Tech.
Moore, P.,	"
Morris, W. E.,	"
Morrow, H. S.,	"
Mott, D. L.,	"
Neill, W. L.,	L. S.
Neiman, H. L.,	Tech.
O'Malley, J. M.,	"
Ott, W. B.,	"
Painter, G. M.,	"
Palmer, A. N.,	"
Palmer, H.,	"
Parker, C. J.,	"
Perry, R. S.,	"
Phillips, C. R.,	"
Prindle, F. P.,	"
Ramsey, W. S.,	"
Raynor, C. E.,	"
Reed, J. A.,	"
Reisler, C. T.,	"
Reynolds, F. R.,	"
Rich, C. A.,	Class.
Rich, J. M.,	"
Richards, W. P.,	Tech.
Rickert, O.,	"
Rives, J. C.,	"
Rogers, C. P.,	"
Round, L. A.,	"
Sattler, W. R.,	"
Sawyer, F. M.,	"
Saylor, H. C.,	"
Schall, J. H.,	Sci.
Shane, G. B.,	Tech.
Shipman, E. H.,	"
Shurts, H. W.,	"
Skirm, F. R.,	"
Slingluff, W. H.,	"
Smith, R. W.,	"
Stevenson, W. A.,	"
Tanner, A. J.,	"
Tencate, J. E.,	"
Terry, W. L.,	Class.
Thomas, J. W.,	Tech.
Thomson, F. F.,	"

Twining, Wm.,	Tech.
Vandewater, J. L.,	"
Voorhees, S. S.,	"
Watrous, H. O.,	L. S.
Webb, P. S.,	Tech.
Webb, W. M.,	"
Wetzel, H. M.,	"
Wilbur, H.,	"
Wilkins, C. M.,	L. S.
Williams, J. A.,	Sci.
Wilson, W. L.,	Tech.
Wiseman, E. B.,	"
Woodall, H. R.,	"
Woodruff, W. L.,	"
Wright, A.,	"
Young, A. F.,	"
Zollinger, L. R.,	"

SOPHOMORES.

Albrecht, Philip,	Tech.
Cunningham, B. A.,	"
Hedley, R. R.,	"
Jones, C. E.,	"
Lohse, H. W.,	"
Morrow, J. A.,	"
Smith, F. S.,	"
Squire, W. C.,	"

ADVANCED ELECTRICITY.

Boyer, P. A.,	Neilson, G. H.,
Engle, H. M.,	Putnam, G. H.,
Hyer, W. E.,	Stillwell, L. B.,
Jenness, C. L.,	Wiman, W. D.
Meade, C. J.,	

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Freshmen,	-	-	-	132
Sophomores,	-	-	-	8
Advanced Electrical,	-	-	-	9
Total,				149

We might add here that every one of the new students will receive this number of the BURR. If they desire to subscribe, it will be necessary for them to communicate immediately with the Business Editor. Without notice of an intention to subscribe no further numbers will be sent.

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